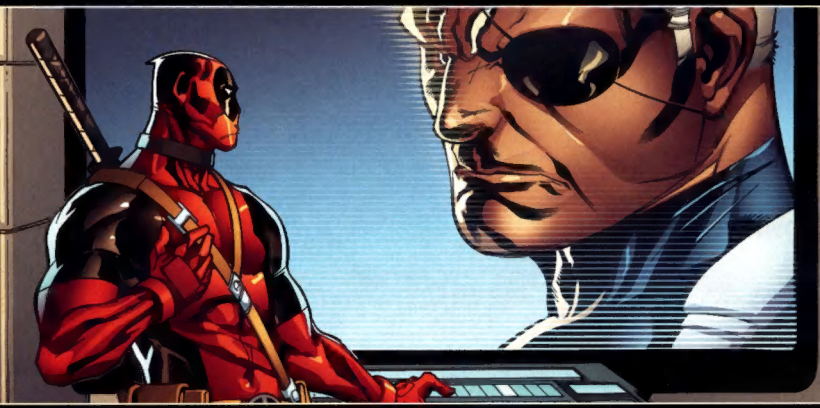
Some jobs are just too tough for your average fast talkin' high-tech gun-for-hire. Sometimes...to get the job done right...you need someone crazier than a sack'a ferrets. You need Wade Wilson. The Crimson Comedian. The Regeneratin' Degenerate. The Merc with a Mouth...

DEADPOOL



When Skrulls attack a baseball game, Deadpool, disguised as the home team's mascot, singlehandedly defeats their entire unit! But just when Deadpool is about to land the killing blow on the Skrull commander, he switches sides and salutes the alien invaders!

Once aboard the Skrull ship, Skrull geneticists engineer a small army of enhanced Skrull super-soldiers from Deadpool's DNA. Deadpool even trains the clones making them just as deadly as the Main Merc himself. But when the clones slaughter most of the Super-Skrulls onboard, the Skrull geneticists realize their mistake. Not only are the clones more dangerous, they're also bat-#### insane...just like the guy whose genetic makeup they were cloned from!

As a desperate search for Deadpool ensues, he checks in with his employer: Nick Fury!

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ONE OF US

PART THREE: THE LAST REFUGE OF A SCOUNDREL

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So what's the *plan*?
PLAN?!
YEAH, *PLAN?* AN IDEA OF WHAT WE SHOULD BE DOING NEXT? *THAT* WOULD BE NICE...
S-S-SHIINNNK!
YIKES!
HE REALLY DOESN'T HAVE A CLUE, *DOES* HE?
Does he ever?
SHRAKK
HEY, YOU'RE THE *BRAINS* OF THIS OPERATION-- *YOU* COME UP WITH A PLAN!
All right, fine. Here's the plan:
Duck.
FROOOM

LISTEN TO ME--SKRULLS DO NOT ACT LIKE THIS.
THEY DO NOT REVEL IN VIOLENCE AND PUERILE HUMOR AND THEY DO NOT POINT WEAPONS AT SOMEONE WHO'S THEIR--
BLAM BLAM
=SIGH=
Y'KNOW, THE GUY WHO GAVE YOU THOSE--HRM!--RIDICULOUS EARS IS PROBABLY GETTING AWAY RIGHT NOW...
HELLS NO, HE ISN'T!
LET'S GO WASTE THAT CHUCKLEHEAD!
WORD!
WAIT--WHO'S THE CHUCKLEHEAD...?

POOM!!
ZOINKS!
WOAH, LOOKING A LITTLE WOBBLY THERE, FELLA.
WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY: YOU PLAY WITH FIRE...
...YOU GET ELECTROCUTED.
THEY WILL.
NO ONE SAYS THAT.
ON MY OATH TO THE QUEEN, YOU...
WILL DIE...
...AT MY HANDS.
WHOA!
YOU'RE REALLY BAD AT THIS, BRO! YOU EVER SHOOT YOURSELF BY MISTAKE?
WROOOOSH

BUT FIRST, YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE A LITTLE SPEECH, RIGHT?
I'M GOING TO FREEZE YOUR PATHETIC LITTLE BODY, THEN I'M GOING TO SMASH IT INTO LITTLE PIECES-- WHICH I WILL USE TO KEEP MY DRINKS COLD.
WOW. YOU'VE REALLY PUT A LOT OF THOUGHT INTO THIS, HUH?
WROOOOSSHHH
YES, ACTUALLY--
I HAVE.
PUNCH!
THOUGHT SO. ME--?
KKSSSHHH!

I JUST MAKE IT UP AS I GO ALONG.

SUPER-SKRULLS, GET HIM.
WELL? YOU HEARD HIM, GUYS.
GET ME.
WHAT THE SINGULAR?
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THEM?
YOU THINK YOU'RE THE FIRST TO TRY TO DUPLICATE ME? IT'S BEEN DONE, DUDE...
...AND IT'S BEEN A FAILURE EVERY TIME.

LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING, DING-DONG: I HAVE A HEALING FACTOR. LETS ME RECOVER FROM ANY WOUND, EVEN REGENERATE BODY PARTS.
BUT I WASN'T BORN WITH IT. IT'S NOT A PART'A MY NATURAL GENE STRUCTURE.
BUT YOU KNOW WHAT IS?
CANCER.
DIDN'T THINK TO LOOK FOR THAT WHEN YOU MADE YOUR LITTLE TEST TUBE BABIES, DID YOU?
NO...
AND WHY WOULD YOU? YOU SEE ME ALIVE AND WELL AND KICKING EVERYBODY'S ASS.
WHICH IS EXACTLY WHAT I WANTED YOU--AND ALL THE OTHER SKRULLS--TO SEE.
THE HEALING FACTOR WEAPON X GAVE ME WAS ENGINEERED SPECIFICALLY FOR ME. IT WAS CALIBRATED TO ACCOUNT FOR THE PRESENCE OF THE CANCER CELLS IN MY BODY--PROGRAMMED TO PRODUCE REPLACEMENT CELLS FOR WHAT THE CANCER WAS KILLING OFF.
COOL, HUH?
BUT IF MY "HEALING FACTOR" WERE PUT INTO A HEALTHY, CANCER-FREE BODY--LIKE, SAY, THE ROBUST BODY OF... I DUNNO...A SUPER-SKRULL...
...THEN THAT BODY WOULD PRODUCE UNNEEDED REPLACEMENT CELLS, AND THEN THOSE CELLS WOULD PRODUCE CELLS, AND THEN--WITHOUT THE CANCER TO HOLD IT IN CHECK--THOSE CELLS WOULD PRODUCE CELLS UNTIL...

TOUGH BREAK, EGGHEAD. GUESS YOU'RE NOT SO ?#$%* SMART AFTER ALL.
GUESS THIS IS WHERE I RIDE OFF INTO THE SUNSET AND YOU...
OH, WAIT.
ALMOST FORGOT TO BEAT YOU TO DEATH!
NO-- PLEASE!
FWUDD!
KLOPP!
SPLOTCH! SPLOTCH! SPLOTCH!

WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG?
EXPOSITION-HEAVY SCENE.
OKAY, SO... HOW DO I DO THIS?
DID YOU MEMORIZE THE SEQUENCE THAT I GAVE YOU?
UH... YEAH.
ALL OF IT?
YEAH, MAN! ALL OF IT!
THEN SIMPLY TYPE THE SEQUENCE INTO THE INTERFACE. THE UPLOAD WILL BEGIN AUTOMATICALLY.
THAT'S IT?
THAT'S IT.
THE ONLY HARD PART WAS GETTING SOMEONE INSIDE--THE SEQUENCE HAS TO BE ENTERED MANUALLY.
THE "ONLY" HARD PART!?
HAVE YOU NOT SEEN EVERYTHING I'VE DONE?
THAT WASN'T PART'A YOUR OBJECTIVE. YOU DID THAT ON YOUR OWN.
WHAT DOES A GUY HAVE TO DO TO GET SOME RESP--?
COME AGAIN?
NOTHIN', MAN. NOTHIN'.
WHAT AM I UPLOADING, ANYWAY?
NONE OF YOUR DAMN BUSINESS, ACTUALLY.